

What Killed the Democratic Party.
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An Independent Paper with Lifelong Democratic Leanings Tells the Whole Story.
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Chicago Times.
The recent presidential election has shown that there is an invincible reason why the Democratic party can never win a national election. It is this: the party is divided.

is not Democratic. The sons of Democratic fathers have grown up Republicans. So long as slavery and the war linger within the memory of Americans, the youth of the country will continue to grow up Republicans; and slavery and the war will be remembered as long as the public school system exists. The

It is in vain for statesmen to declare that there were as many Democrats as Republicans in the Union Army. It is vain to affirm that the war for the preservation of the Union could not have been carried to a successful close without the assistance of the Democratic party. It is idle for philanthropy to suggest that the attitude of that party toward the war in the beginning was a humane one; that it was inspired by the higher and better wish that the

moved, and the spilling of brothers' blood by brothers' hands avoided. The Democratic party has been ideally identified with slavery and slaveholding. The Republican party is ideally identified with emancipation and the war. Therefore is the youth of the country incapable of being Democratic. Therefore the Democratic party can never win a National victory. Its old men are dying away. The boys who catch the ballots that fall from their stiffened hands are Republicans.

This fact cannot be denied. It will do no

which have operated to diminish the number of Democrats and increase the number of Republicans, is insufficient beside this one tremendous and inviting cause. Slavery has poisoned the blood and rotted the bone of the Democratic party. The malediction of the war has palsied its brain.

The young wife who held the babe up to kiss the father as he hurried to the tap of his departing drum, has suckled a Democrat. The weary fold of the grandmother who watched the children while the wife was busy has not rocked the cradle of Democrats. The chair that the soldier father never came back to fill has not been climbed upon by Democrats. The old blue coat that his comrade

But not one crossed the heart of a Democrat. The rattled musket that fell from him with his fall, was the only thing that saved the boys, but not a hand that played with the hand of a Democrat. The babe he kissed crowed and crowed for his return, and its unwitting and unanswered notes were not from the throat of a Democrat. The tear stained and smudged cheeks of the mother, lead alone in the long, bitter evenings of grief, clustered at her knees did not fall upon Democratic ears. The girls' sobs, blending with the mother's weeping, did not make Democrats of their brothers. Perhaps the father had been a Democrat all his life!

At the school, there is not a Democrat in his boots. The time is not

ains a portrait of Abraham Lincoln—that
of a friendly face never made a Democrat.
On its simple, unadorned, and unadorned
syllables, is told the story of his birth and
death. That story never made a Democrat.
In the franks of the play ground the name
sine sine frolicsome and makes the jolliest
grave. That name never made a Democrat.
The third page, where the light up the geography
are the firing—Fort Sumter, the first shot
Ellsworth. The first page of the history
contains a representation of the surrender of Lee
at Appomattox. No boy gazes on that and
ever after avows himself a Democrat.

In the higher grades the same subtle and un-
derstanding of the author is shown. The book
contains extracts from writers, such as he has

the war. Those speeches make no Democrats. The war has not made any Democrats. The war is relative has no Democratic listeners. The strain of martial music runs through the readers and that music makes no Democrats. Sketches of the great generals are given; their brave deeds arouse the enthusiasm of the lads, but there is no Democrat among them. The horrors and blood that mounts the boys' cheeks is not Democratic blood. The curse of slavery has pursued the Democratic party and hounded it to its death. Therefore, let it die; and no lip will be found to say a prayer over the grass on its grave.

The defeat need not be attributed to any other cause. Other causes were at work

was one, they were equally incidental. The first
 was one, Sectionalism was a second. "Let
 well enough alone," was a third. The October
 failure in Indiana was a fourth. But all these
 were trivial, and together could not have ac-
 complished the result. The result was accom-
 plished because the youth of the Republic is
 not Democratic. That party is, therefore,
 without a future and without a hope. The
 malediction of the war has palsied its brain.
 The curse of slavery has poisoned its blood and
 rotted its bone. Let it die.

New York Fashions.

New tints and new contrasts of color are seen in the stylish costumes imported during the past week by leading modists. Ecaille and dahlia shades of purple tinged with crimson are used in soft wool and satins with refined effect, while pheasant brown is enlivened by the brilliant Prince of Wales red, or monk's brown is striped with navy blue, old gold and red, and the favorite seal brown is bordered with green in the shades so popular with Parisiennes. Scarcely a black silk dress is shown among the importations, for silk larks lustre, with medallion and feather ties, and half-

between the stylish dull finish of fine woollens and the sheen of the satins now so much used. If the wearer prefers blacks, she must choose either woollen goods—camel's hair, cashmere or cloth—or else the lustrous Bengaline satin de Lyon or velvet, and these are almost invariably brightened still further by beaded trimmings or facings of some gay fabric. There are also very tasteful house dresses in which black is the principal color, with a Jersey waist wrought with jet beads, and made up with skirts of satin de Lyon, with scarf sashes headed like the Jersey or else of the dull

Madras plaids in Surah satin. The preference, however, is noticed for woollen costumes that are made short enough for street wear, and though of some quiet color principally, they are warmer and brightened by contrasting facings to make them also suitable for the house.

The round waists so popular here become very dressy corsages in the hands of Parisian modistes, who introduce a most becoming guimpe of shirred satin that is sewed permanently in the top of the dress, covering the shoulders and chest, and meeting a pretty roll-

big collar of plush or velvet. The full soft belt of Surah and the double side forms of the back take away the plain look of the waist; worn here with peasant dresses, and make a very graceful dress for the house and for the street also when a wrap is added. This is prettily illustrated in a dress of dahlia (red-purple) with a narrow black satin and velvet of the same shade. The lining of the waist is cut long enough to extend over the hips, under the skirts and the whalebones reach to the ends of this waist. The gümpe of satin is first set on in shirri gs around the neck, and then the narrow collar, and is finished with a standing gathered edge, and is finished instead of a collar. This gümpe is rolled back

collar, which escapes and is turned velvet, covers the remainder of the waist. The close sleeve has velvet turned back narrowly at the wrist with a shirred satin cuff escaping below it. Bullet-shaped crocheted buttons fasten the front. The narrow round skirt lining only the top yard is draped in the front with a row of doubled satin and velvet at the foot. Just below the waist in front and on the sides is a great deal of shirred satin, while below this is cashmere drapery in many wrinkles filling up the space to the ruffles at the feet. The skirt is draped in the back with the same, and is of satin Surah towards and the half, and three fingers wide. It is passed around the waist line to conceal the skirt belt and is tied

Dresses for small children have outlines similar to those of the pilgrimage suits for ladies, but are often made male all in one piece, as princess dresses are. The quality little pelurine and plush are the most common of the suits for the walking coats having the same colors as the ladies' and the richest materials are seen on these, such as velvet, plush and satin, with brocades that were formerly thought only fit for a dowager. The furnishing houses, however, find it more profitable to copy these dresses in cheap materials, such as muslin, drap plains, and Cheviots, with many cashmere and Chuddah dresses, and occasionally those of ladies' cloth. The plush and velvet

children, but a cape of plush or a hood with plush lining modernizes many of the woolen dresses left over from last Winter. The shirred waists are also used on the princess dresses made for small girls, and these, with round capes and the wide raised trim beaver hats, give little women a quaint, old-fashioned look that is now considered picturesque. The peasant dress, with a round waist, full skirt, and draped apron, precisely like those worn by young ladies, is copied for girls from eight to fourteen years of age.
